THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....." VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 96.

[Criticism on Jack and Gill concluded.]

HAVING ascertained the names and conditions of the parties, the reader becomes naturally inquisitive into their employment, and wishes to know, whether their occupation is worthy of them. This laudable curiosity is abundantly gratified in the succeeding lines; for

Jack and Gill
Went up a hill
To fetch a bucket of water.

Here we behold the plan gradually unfolding, a new scene opens to our view, and the description is exceedingly beautiful. We now discover their object, which we were before left to conjecture. We see the two friends, like Pylades and Orestes, assisting and cheering each other in their labours, gaily ascending the hill, eager to arrive at the summit, and to—fill their bucket.—Here too is a new elegance. Our acute author could not but observe the necessity of machinery, which has been so much commended by critics, and admired by readers. Instead, however, of introducing a host of gods and goddesses, who might have only impeded the journey of his heroes, by the intervention of the bucket, which is, as it ought to be, simple and conducive to the progress of the poem, he has considerably improved on the ancient plan. In the management of it also he has shewn much judgment, by making the influence of the machinery and the subject reciprocal: for while the utensil carries on the heroes, it is itself carried on by them. In this part, too, we have a deficiency supplied, to wit, the knowledge of their relationship, which as it would have encumbered the opening, was reserved for this place. Even now there is some uncertainty whether they were related by the ties of consanguinity; but we may rest assured they were friends, for they did join in carrying the instrument; they must, from their proximity of situation, have been amicably disposed, and if one alone carried the utensil, it exhibits an amiable assumption of the whole labour. The only objection to this opinion is an old adage, 'Bonus dux bonum facit militem,' which has been translated 'A good Jack makes a good Gill,' thereby intimating a superiority in the former. If such was the case, it seems the poet wished to shew his hero in retirement, and convince the world, that, however illustrious he might be, he did not despise manual labour. It has also been objected, (for every Homer has his Zoilus), that their employment is not sufficiently dignified for epic poetry; but, in answer to this, it must be remarked, that it was the opinion of Socrates, and many other philosophers, that beauty should be estimated by utility, and surely the purpose of the heroes must have been beneficial. They ascended the rugged mountain to draw water, and drawing water is certainly more conducive to human happiness than drawing blood, as do the boasted heroes of the Iliad, or roving on the ocean, and invading other men's property, as did the pious Æneas. Yes! they went to draw water. Interesting scene! It might have been drawn for the purpose of culinary consumption; it might have been to quench the thirst of the harmless animals who relied on them for support; it might have been to feed a sterile soil, and to revive the drooping plants, which they raised by their labours. Is not our author more judicious than Apollonius, who chooses for the heroes of his Argonautics a set of rascals, undertaking to steal a sheep skin? And, if dignity is to be considered, is not drawing water a circumstance highly characteristic of antiquity? Do we not find the amiable Rebecca busy at the well—does not one of the maidens in the Odysey delight us by her diligence in the same situation, and has not a learned Dean proved that it was quite fashionable in Peloponnesus?—Let there be an end to such frivolous remarks. But the descriptive part is now finished, and the author hastens to the catastrophe. At what part of the mountain the well was situated, what was the reason of the sad misfortune, or how the prudence of Jack forsook him, we are not informed, but so, alas! it happened,

Jack fell down—

Unfortunate John! At the moment when he was nimbly, for aught we know, going up the hill, perhaps at the moment when his toils were to cease, and he had filled the bucket, he made an unfortunate step, his centre of gravity, as the philosophers would say, fell beyond his base, and he tumbled. The extent of his fall does not however appear until the next line, as the author feared to overwhelm us by a too immediate disclosure of his whole misfortune. Buoyed by hope, we suppose his affliction not quite remediless, that his fall is an accident to which the way-farers of this life are daily liable, and we anticipate his immediate rise to resume his labours. But how are we deceived by the heart-rending tale, that

Jack fell down
And broke his crown—

Nothing now remains but to deplore the premature fate of the unhappy John. The mention of the *crown* has much perplexed the commentators. The learned Microphilus, in the 513th page of his 'Cursory remarks' on the poem, thinks he can find in it some allusion to the story of Alfred, who, he says, is known to have lived during his concealment in a mountainous country, and as he watched the cakes on the fire, might have been sent to bring water. But his acute annotator, Vandergruten, has detected the fallacy of such a supposition, though he falls into an equal error in remarking that Jack might have carried a crown or a half crown in his hand, which was fractured in the fall. My learned reader will doubtless agree with me in conjecturing that as the crown is often used metaphorically for the head, and as that part is, or without any disparagement to the unfortunate sufferer might have been, the heaviest, it was really his pericranium which sustained the damage. Having seen the fate of Jack, we are anxious to know the lot of his companion. Alas!

And Gill came tumbling after.

Here the distress thickens on us. Unable to support the loss of his friend, he followed him, determined to share his disaster, and resolved, that as they had gone up together, they should not be separated as they came down.*

In the midst of our affliction, let us not, however, be unmindful of the poet's merit, which on this occasion is conspicuous. He evidently seems to have in view the excellent observation of Adam Smith, that our sympathy arises not from a view of the passion, but of the situation which excites it. Instead of unnecessary lamentation, he gives us the real state of the case; avoiding at the same time that minuteness of detail, which is so common among pathetic poets, and which by dividing a passion, and tearing it to rags, as Shakspeare says, destroys its force. Thus, when Cowley tells us, that his mistress shed tears enough to save the world if it had been on fire, we immediately think of a house on fire, ladders, engines, crowd of people, and other circumstances, which drive away every thing like feeling: when Pierre is describing the legal plunder of Jaffier's house, our attention is diverted from the misery of Belvidera to the goods and chattels of him the said Jaffier, but in the poem before us the author has just hit the dividing line between the extreme conciseness which might conceal necessary circumstances, and the prolixity of narration, which would introduce immaterial ones. So happy, indeed, is the account of Jack's destruction, that had a physician been present, and informed us of the exact place of the scull which received the hurt, whether it was the occipitis, or which of the ossa bregmatis that was fractured, or what part of the lambdoidal suture was the point of injury, we could not have a clearer idea of his misfortune. Of the

* There is something so tenderly querimonious in the silent grief and devotion of Gill, something which so reminds us of the soft complaint of the hapless sister of Dido, that it must delight every classical reader:

Comitemne sororem
Sprevisti moriens? Eadem me ad fata vocasses:
Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisset.

bucket we are told nothing, but as it is probable that it fell with its supporters, we have a scene of misery, unequalled in the whole compass of tragic description. Imagine to ourselves Jack rapidly descending, perhaps rolling over and over down the mountain, the bucket, as the lighter, moving along, and pouring forth (if it had been filled) its liquid stream, Gill following in confusion, with a quick and circular and headlong motion; add to this the dust, which they might have collected and dispersed with the blood which must have flowed from John's head, and we will witness a catastrophe highly shocking, and feel an irresistible impulse to run for a doctor. The sound, too, charmingly 'echoes to the sense,'

> Jack fell down
> And broke his crown,
> And Gill came tumbling after.

The quick succession of movements is indicated by an equally rapid motion of the short syllables, and in the last line Gill rolls with a greater sprightliness and vivacity, than even the stone of Sisyphus.

Having expatiated so largely on its particular merits, let us conclude by a brief review of its most prominent beauties. The subject is the *fall of men*, a subject, high, interesting, worthy of a poet: the heroes, men who do not commit a single fault, and whose misfortunes are to be imputed, not to indiscretion, but to destiny. To the illustration of the subject, every part of the poem conduces. Attention is neither wearied by multiplicity of trivial incident, nor distracted by frequency of digression. The poet prudently clipped the wings of imagination, and repressed the extravagance of metaphorical decoration. All is simple, plain, consistent. The moral too, that part without which poetry is useless sound, has not escaped the view of the poet. When we behold two young men, who but a short moment before stood up in all the pride of health, suddenly falling down a hill, how must we lament the *instability* of all things.

N

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 3.

The orations against Verres.

At the time when Verres was charged with the prætorship of Sicily, the pirates infested the seas, which bathed this island and the coasts of Italy. His duty was to maintain the navy, which the republic had armed to fight them, and defend her commerce. But the avarice of the prætor saw in these means of defence only a new object of rapine and exaction. He made the soldiers and sailors purchase their discharges, who ought to have served in the galleys; he sold to the allied and tributary cities dispensations from furnishing what they were obliged to do by treaties, and leaving destitute of every thing the few men he thought himself obliged to keep on the few vessels he had at sea, he gave himself no concern about exposing Sicily to the incursions of pirates, provided he enriched himself at the expense of the state and the province. He placed at the head of this miserable squadron, not a Roman, but, what was without example, a Sicilian, named Cleomenes, whose wife was publicly the mistress of the prætor. The event happened which alone could be expected: the Roman fleet ran away at the sight of the pirates, and Cleomenes was the first to disembark. The other commanders of gallies, who had only a few men, half famished with want of necessaries, could do no other than follow the example of the admiral. The pirates burned the forsaken vessels in the sight of Syracuse, and entered even into the port. This affront to the Roman arms, this alarm carried by pirates into a city so powerful as Syracuse, soon resounded as far as Rome. Verres dreaded the consequences of such a vexatious report, and that he might not appear to be the guilty cause of this disaster, he formed the design the most abominable that ever entered the thought of any tyrant, equally cowardly and cruel. He plotted to accuse of treason the Sicilian commanders, whose innocence was well known, and who had it not in their power to do any thing but what they did; and, without the slightest proof, he condemned them to death. All Sicily shuddered at this outrage. Cicero demands vengeance for it. We shall see in what colours he knew how to paint it, and with what energy he details all the horrors of it.

"Verres marches out of his palace, animated with all the furies of crime and barbarity. He appears in the public place, and orders the commanders to be cited to his tribunal. They appear, without suspicion, and without fear. All on a sudden he causes to be laid in irons, these unfortunate men, who were in full confidence of their safety, as well as of their innocence, who appeal to the justice of the prætor, and demand the reason of this treatment. It is, said he, for having traiterously surrendered our vessels to the enemy. All the world cries out; all the world is astonished that he should have impudence enough to impute to any body, but himself, the cause of a misfortune, which was but the work of his own avarice; that a man like Verres, placed by the public opinion in the rank of robbers and pirates, should dare to accuse any one with being in intelligence with them; and, finally, that this strange accusation should not have been thought of till fifteen days after the event. Every one demanded where is Cleomenes, not, indeed, because they thought him more deserving of punishment than the others. What could he do with vessels destitute of all the means of defence? But yet his cause was the same. Where is Cleomenes? He was seen at the side of the prætor, whispering familiarly in his ear, as it was his custom to do. The indignation is general, that men the most honourable and the most distinguished of their city, should be put in irons, while Cleomenes, as a reward of his infamous complaisance, is the friend and the confidant of the prætor. There appears, however, an accuser: it is a wretch named Turpion, disgraced under preceding governors, well qualified for the abject part he had to act, and well known as the instrument of all the iniquities, of all the baseness, and of all the extortions of Verres. The relations, the neighbours, of these unfortunate victims flock to Syracuse, struck with the fatal news; they see their children, oppressed under the weight of chains, carrying, O! Verres! the penalty of your execrable avarice. They present themselves, demand their children, defend them with loud cries, implore thy faith, thy justice, as if you ever had any. There was seen Decion of Tyndaris, a man of the first nobility, who had entertained you at his house, whom you had called your host. But neither hospitality, nor his misfortunes, nor the rank which he held in his country, nor his old age, nor his tears, were able to recal you one moment to any sentiment of humanity. There was seen Eubulides, not less considerable, and not less respected, who, for having, in his defence, pronounced the name of Cleomenes, saw, by your orders, his garments torn, and his person left almost naked upon the place. And what means of justification remained then? I forbid, says Verres, the mention of Cleomenes. But my cause obliges me to mention him.—You shall die, if you name him. But I had no rowers in my ship.—You accuse the prætor! Lictors, cut off his head with your axes. Judges! you hear the very language of Verres. The menaces were all of this violence. Hark! in the name of humanity! hearken to the outrages committed against our allies; hearken to the recital of their misfortunes. Among these accused innocents appeared also Heraclius of Segesta, a Sicilian of the highest birth, the feebleness of whose sight had hindered him from embarking in his ship, and who had orders to remain at Syracuse. Certainly, Verres, this man could not be guilty; he could neither surrender nor abandon a ship in which he was not. No matter! they enrol in the number of criminals, him, whom they could not accuse, even falsely, of any crime. Finally, of this number was also Furius of Heraclea, a man celebrated during his life, and who has become much more so since his decease: it was he who had the courage not only to address to Verres, in his presence, all the reproaches he deserved: (sure to die he had nothing more to fear) but even to write his apology in prison, in presence of his mother, who, drowned in tears, passed whole days and nights with him. All Sicily has read this apology, the history of your crimes and cruelties: we there see how many sailors each commander of a galley had received from the city which was to furnish them, and how many had purchased of you their discharge, and when at your tribunal he alleged his means of defence, your lictors smote him over his eyes with their rods, while this high spirited man, resolved upon death, and insensible to his pains, cried out that it was shameful that the tears of his mother should have less influence with you to save him, than the caresses of a prostitute had to save the infamous Cleomenes.

"Verres finally condemns them all by the advice of his council; but, however, in a cause of this nature, in a capital affair, he did not summon his questor Vettius, nor his lieutenant Cervius. This pretended council was but a mob of highway-men, whom he had at his beck. Judges! represent to yourselves the consternation of the Sicilians, our most faithful and our most ancient allies, so often loaded with benefits by our ancestors. Each one trembles for himself; no man believes himself in safety. They inquire of one another what has become of that mildness of the Roman government, now changed into this excess of inhumanity. How it is possible that so many men should be condemned in a moment, without being convicted of any crime? How could this unworthy prætor imagine that he could cloak his robberies by the punishment of so many innocent persons? It seems, indeed, as if nothing could be added to so much wickedness, madness, and cruelty. But Verres would surpass himself; he would excel his own peculiar crimes. I have spoken to you of Phalargus, excepted from the general condemnation because he commanded the ship which carried Cleomenes. Timarchides, one of the agents of Verres, was informed that this young man, not thinking his cause different from the others, had shewn some apprehensions. He goes and finds him, declares to him, that indeed he is secure from the axe, but that he runs the risk of being beaten with the rods, if he does not compound for his exemption: and you have heard him specify the sum which he counted down to redeem himself from the rods of the lictors. But why do I hesitate? Are these reproaches to be made to Verres? A young nobleman, a commander of a vessel, redeems himself from the rods for a sum of money. It is in Verres a trait of humanity. Another, at the same price, ransoms

himself from the axe: Verres has accustomed us to such things: we are not to reproach him with common crimes. The Roman people expect from him new horrors, unheard of wickedness; they know it is not a common prevaricating magistrate that we have brought in trial before you, but the most abominable of tyrants. You will soon acknowledge it. The innocents, after their condemnation, were dragged into dungeons; preparations are making for their punishment. But the punishment must begin upon their unfortunate relations. The parents are prohibited the sight of their children. It is forbidden to bring them apparel or nourishment. These unfortunate fathers, who are here before you, were extended on the threshold of the prison; disconsolate mothers passed there the night in tears, without being able to obtain the last embraces of their children; they requested, as a precious favour, that it should be permitted them to collect the last sighs, but they requested it in vain. There watched the keeper of the prisons, the minister of the barbarities of Verres, the terror of the citizens, the lictor Sestius, who established a revenue upon the griefs and tears of all these unfortunate persons—So much for a visit to your son: so much for giving him any refreshment: not one could refuse it. What will you give me to put your son to death with one stroke of the axe? that he may not suffer long? that he may not be stricken several blows? All these favours were taxed. O! horrible condition! O insupportable tyranny! It was not life that they brought to market and put up for sale, but a more prompt death, and less cruel execution. The prisoners themselves compounded with Sestius to receive but one stroke: they requested of their relations, as a last expression of their tenderness, to pay for this favour to the inflexible Sestius. Have we not yet had torments enough? Will death at least put an end to them? Can barbarity extend itself further? Yes. When they shall have been executed, their bodies shall be exposed to wild beasts. If this is considered as a misfortune by their relations, let them pay for the privilege of sepulture. You know this; you have heard Onasus of Segesta relate what sum he had paid to Timarchides to be allowed to bury Heraclius. And who in Syracuse is ignorant that these bargains of sepulture were made between Timarchides and the prisoners themselves? That these contracts were public, that they were concluded in the presence of the relations, and that the price of the funerals was agreed on and paid beforehand?

[*To be continued.*]

POLITICS.

[Some staunch friend has sent us, for republication, the following just and indignant essay.]

POPULAR FANATICISM.

We have often expressed a confidence, that the present delusion which infatuates our countrymen cannot possibly last long; that a day must soon arrive when the people will spurn and turn from their deceivers with abhorrence; and that the nation must at no distant period once more learn to distinguish between honest friends and insidious flatterers, between tried patriots and treacherous pretenders, between the followers of Washington whom Washington trusted and "approved of," and the followers of Jefferson, of *Jefferson* by whom WASHINGTON has been slandered and belied, hypocritically mourned over, dreaded, envied, and hated. We have often expressed such confidence, we have fondly cherished it ourselves, we have endeavoured to inspire it in others, and we have contributed our mite towards the object of this confidence as a change "most devoutly to be wished for" by every lover of America. We begin to fear, that we have calculated too much on the good sense and the virtue of the land we live in, the land of our birth, dear to us as such, and we fear perhaps therefore overrated with the partiality of filial reverence. We begin to suspect that her foster sons, that the foreign outcasts she has received to her bosom, understand the disposition of our country much better than we do. We begin to fear, that the Duanes and Cheethams, the Paines and Tony Pasquins, pestilent dregs of another clime, vomited on our shores, have not so greatly mistaken the public temper of these states, or the means of gratifying and guiding it for years yet to come. We begin to fear that they find something in that temper itself which fits a numerous mass not only to be dupes, but which renders them willing dupes, of whose vices there is as much advantage to be taken by the demagogue as of their ignorance. Every day's observation forces a reluctant belief, that the source of our present disorders, the root of our political evils, does not lie altogether in a momentary deceit, in a mere mistake or series of mistakes to which the frailty of man and the best of men has been at all times liable, but that it is fixed deep in a cause just as much more difficult to remove as it is easier to rectify the errors of weakness than to cure those of wilful and prepense depravity. There is reason more and more to apprehend that the moral principle of society is relaxed and tainted to the core; and that it is in the growing corruption of our national character that democracy, labouring still to increase that corruption, now feels her strength and hopes to preserve it. Or rather we might say she hopes and feels this not only in the corruption of our national character, but in its loss and total oblivion. Once, in the struggles of our revolution, at the eras of the congress of independence, of the convention at Philadelphia, and of the constitution they framed as first put in trial in those hands who were immediately as it were by the voice of one general assent called to administer it, in those times we had a national character. It was a character for wisdom and integrity, for sober discernment, for constancy, for gratitude, for public spirit, for the glow and vigilance of rational liberty, and stubborness and tenacity of right, for decent and temperate, and legal and solemn restraints, if not for the seriousness of hallowed piety and religious devotion. Such was, or such was deemed to be our national character, displayed, proved, and confirmed in the ordeal of twenty years of doubt, difficulty, and distress. Our republic appeared abroad to be once more realizing on earth the fables and dreams of history, or exemplifying its truths in an emulation and rivalship of Grecian and Roman worth. The continent seemed animated with one genius, pure and honourable as we have described, flowing as its vital blood through the whole body of the community in every vein and member to its very extremities. Scarcely a limb, or a joint, the lowest or most remote, but what looked sound, as if contagion could have no foot-hold to work with. In the various emergencies of that period, on the momentous questions which were, from time to time, submited to the decision of all ranks and classes, when once informed right there was a surety they would decide right; and for the most part they decided with the promptness of intuition, of intuition whose judgment, never to be warped by passion, passion itself generally concurred with. Of every people as of every individual the interest, essentially valued, has never yet run counter to their duty: but with our people as they then were, interest, duty, and pleasure altogether did not only never run counter, they did not even run in different, but always in one and the same, channel. It was a proud day for America, in whose most adverse hour the world in admiring her, could even forget she was not prosperous, because, and in so singular a degree, she stood virtuous. Virtue, indeed, might be called her national character, and justly so called by every rule according to which national character is determined. But all earthly virtue, like every other earthly possession, may decay or be impaired, it may cease entirely or be transformed to its very opposite, while retaining nothing but the name, the substance has all left us, till presently the name itself we are indifferent to retain or not, and yet a little longer even the name we renounce and make our vice our boast. Is our country destined for this sad reverse? Or does she not already exhibit the worst part of it? What has become of the national character of America? Gone, we fear, to the tomb "of all the Capulets." Sunk, withered, and polluted. Dashed in the mire of low and sordid views; enervated with selfishness; infected with a poisonous sophistry; and debased with the importation of a putrid refuse, and an accumulating gang of "unhappy fugitives" who, happy enough to cheat the gallows and the gibbet in Europe, are received in this "asylum" with open arms, and, turning patriots of '76, are hailed, caressed, and exalted by the Powers that be. Those Powers themselves, who in turns support and are supported by every alien crew, are a proof, and a proof which promises to endure, that a revolution too must have happened to our national character, or else that revolution which fixed the Powers that be could not have happened to the union, or, if happened, could not endure. Had our people been what they were in '76, Jefferson would not have been president in 1801. Were they now what they were in '89, he could not be president in 1805. The people are changed, and the qualities for their trust are changed with them. When we speak of the people, we intend the bulk of numbers; for under a government where numbers, or a majority of numbers, must controul, numbers are sovereign, and sovereign is the people. There is an intelligent and undefiled portion of the whole, who form an exception and as yet a respectable exception not included in the present remarks; but they are not more than an exception, for they are a minority. We repeat then that the people are changed, and changed materially for the worse. In point of understanding, if experience adds to understanding, however it may be perverted, it cannot be suposed less now than it was formerly. If knowledge is neither retrograde nor stationary, it must progress with the progression of years; nor in these days which are emphatically termed enlightened will it be allowed that there is more of darkness over the public mind than in the days which are past. Yet in those days with not more but, as they will have it, with less information the people thought and acted right. If then, they are wrong now, it cannot be for want of sense enough to know, for with not a greater share of sense they did not know, what is right, but it must be for want of principle enough to prefer right to what is wrong. This truth may be unpalatable, and it is a truth not commonly told; but it is time it should begin to be told, and we choose to be among those who begin. The fever of democracy rages and spreads far and wide, because the corruption of manners, of morals, and of sentiments, spreading also far and wide, serves both to communicate the disease and predispose the victims. In every region where there is profligacy, there is Jacobinism, or materials for Jacobinism, and wherever folly is, Jacobinism will have subjects to act on, and tools to act with. Generally speaking, throughout the different divisions of this Empire, the quantity of Jacobinism, or of demo-

cracy refined and sublimated, of any part is already ascertained to be in the proportion of the profligacy and folly of that part. In our Southern States, negro slavery may be a necessary evil, but it is still an evil, among the worst effects of which is the baleful effect on the passions and habits of the whites. Now, it is known that the watch word of Jacobinism for licentiousness is liberty: And thus 'we hear the loudest yelps for liberty from the drivers of negroes.' In Virginia, where churches are out of fashion, democracy is most in fashion. In Connecticut, where they have yet more room for their Meeting Houses and Schools and less for whiskey shops and brothels, there is less of democracy and more of federalism. The position might be further verified by a train of examples, if of such examples there could be any end. Enough has been said to shew that it is cowardly and foolish to ascribe to popular simplicity alone, gulled and deceived, what is equally attributable to popular wickedness, greedy and designed.—If the multitude were to be brought back from their errors, merely by being convinced of them, it is impossible they should continue to uphold a man, whose errors, private and public, deep, flagrant and mischievous, glare on them in every print. It is in vain to urge that they heed not, because they believe not, the warnings that are given them. Of the facts, which will sometimes arrest their attention in spite of themselves, the most dull and headstrong do believe enough to set them straight, if it was not their resolved whim to be crooked. But with many, to expose the turpitude and knavery of their leaders, is only to enhance their favour, because turpitude and knavery are to their taste, and are the things which they prize. To prove their chief favourite wanting even in common fidelity to his friend or common honesty to his benefactor, is only to prove him like themselves, or as they would have been, if situated towards Walker and Jones as Jefferson was situated.—To prove him the employer of venal calumny against Washington, is to no purpose; because they think not of Washington at all, or think of him but with the invidious dislike with which meanness, whatever it may affect, does always in its heart revolt against transcendant excellence To prove their President and Congress violators of the Constitution, is nothing to those who care not, who will scarcely trouble themselves to inquire, whether we have any Constitution. To prove that Justice is nodding to its fall, and the independence of courts sacrificed on the altars of party, is to them no matter of concern, who have no relish for justice, or Courts the instrument of justice, by which injuries are redressed and guilt condemned. To detect their vaunted economists in squandering, impairing and embezzling the public treasures, is of no account with a tribe who have no anxiety for the public but that themselves, as a part of the public, may forever elude the public's tax gatherer.—The promises of the Inaugural address, with the wanton and continued breaches of those promises, they mind not, because of their own promises they 'take no cognizance.' The cruel and rapacious work of persecution which still proceeds, disturbs them not an instant, for they are of the faction which persecutes and profits by persecution, and as individuals not less malignant than the faction they belong to. To talk to them of desertion of duty, of the flight to Carter's Mountain, only brings them to consider how they would have deserted and fled themselves. To dwell on the invitation to Paine, on the irreligion and the profanity of his host at the *Prezzidolfiad*, must now be too late for the bounden disciples of a master, who has long been avowedly content, while ever his own leg is not broken and his pocket not picked, that there may be either twenty Gods or one or no God.

From the premises we infer that to rely as a last preventive on any community of American feelings is to rely on a phantom; for there cannot be any community of American feelings, to a majority which, composed of a medley of all nations, have not in fact the common feelings of any one nation. The greater part and far the greater part of that majority may be natives, but they are natives associated with and every day more and more led by foreigners, and foreigners too of the worst cast. If they have not yet altogether surrendered, they will soon surrender, all feelings but the feelings of party; of party rampant and vindictive and triumphant. To depend on the National Character to check and relieve the reigning disorder, is to depend for a remedy on a source which is the seat of the disorder. If we have any National Character left, it is a character for augmenting corruption, and our political complaint is nothing more than corruption, or the consequence of corruption growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength. Let us throw away therefore the 'flattering unction' of self-pride and self-deceit. Let us be men, and learn the extent of our evils, that we may not mistake the means to ward off the last extremity. While there is life there is hope—But if we suffer life to doze in the sleep of indolence, the time is at hand when we shall awaken in death. There is yet a body of principles surviving among us, which, though surviving in the lesser part, may save both lesser and greater from that yawn of destruction, which will not separate our fates, but if it swallows one must draw the other after it. The innocent and the guilty, whatever the guilty or the innocent may think, must, if they perish, perish in one grave, the grave which Anarchy is digging for our Commonwealth and has dug for so many Commonwealths before us. But the labours of Anarchy, though not immediately to be stopped, may yet be retarded by our exertions. Every day thus gained, is a respite in which fortune may do more for us than we can do for ourselves. Every pause of suspense is important, when a single pause may prove our salvation. Was there, at this moment, any thing in the nature of the predominant numbers for a pledge to us against a tragic catastrophe to our drama, it would be still important to put off the concluding act as late as we can, to give time for their fury to retire from the stage, and their virtue to step on. But if some more powerful corrective, than we have yet discovered, must be applied to their vices, before we can count any thing on their virtue, if their immoralities must first be extirpated, ere we can look for any help in their morals, there is still incalculable use in delay, because in delay there is chance. And there is no use in supinely submitting, and by supineness hastening instead of averting our doom but the use of slumber—Inactivity but weakens our weakness, without abating a particle of the rage, with which they trample on that weakness. Could we even be more passive than we have been, they would not be a jot less violent than they are. In time, perhaps, if we will but strive for time, accident may change or divert the mad course of the multitude; the multitude may themselves change; if not from their reason, they may change from their caprice; if not from their love of right, they may change from their love of novelty; if not because they believe their idols to be bad, possibly because they believe them not to be bad enough; or at least as they have changed once, so they may change back again, without troubling themselves for the why or the wherefore. But even time will be denied us, unless the remains of the faithful can be kept together steadfast, zealous, and alert. The law of physical gravity is not more certain, than our constant inclination for repose, negligent of the future; nor is any force more centrifugal than the guile which is ever tempting us from the centre of our duties. Every nerve must be strained with the patience of Sisyphus, to keep back the falling, if we cannot lift up the fallen. This task now principally consigned for our brotherhood of Editors, whom it certainly behoves to be among the foremost, is yet the province of all, who are well affected and undaunted. The Press in skilful and vigorous hands is an engine which in a good cause, and at a good season should undoubtedly do much. But the most it can now be expected to do, is to instruct its friends and flash indignantly on the foe, to prevent the vigilant from becoming lukewarm, and animate the lukewarm to become vigilant, to rouse the dreamer and incite the sluggard, while it sets to all an example in its own efforts to harrass and impede the Jacobinism yet too strong to be disabled or disarmed, and occasionally 'like a rattling peal of thunder' to astound the Monster in his march.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WHITEHEAD

[Continued.]

The exhibition of this play was hardly over, before he was called upon to attend his pupil and Lord Viscount Nuneham, son to Earl Harcourt, in their travels, as their joint governor. The two young noblemen were nearly of the same age. They had been intimate from their infancy. He was therefere as well acquainted with the pleasing temper and disposition of the other lord as of him whose education he had more immediately superintended; and his own happy art of making instruction an amusement, had so won on the affections of them both, that they felicitated themselves mutually on his being appointed their joint governor.

In June 1754, they left England under his care, and passing though Flanders, resided the rest of the summer at Rheims, in order to habituate themselves to the French language, and then removing to Leipsic, passed seven months there, for the purpose of studying the Droit Publique, under the famous Professor Mascow, whom they found in a state of dotage, without being quite incapacitated from reading his lectures.

In the following Spring they proceeded to Dresden, and after visiting that, and most of the other German courts, repaired to Hanover in the Summer 1755, at the time when George II. paid his last visit to his electorate. There Whitehead had the pleasure of meeting his friend Mr. Mason, who had then lately taken orders, and attended the Earl of Holdernesse the Secretary of State, as his domestic chaplain. His elegant expostulation To Mr. Mason, took its rise at this place, from certain amicable altercations which they there had, on the subject of public and retired life, to the latter of which Mr. Mason's disposition appeared to lean more than he thought consisted with the views of advancement which then seemed to open before him.

Having continued at Hanover the greatest part of the Summer, he proceeded with his pupils to Vienna, and from thence to Italy. On their return homeward, they crossed the Alps, and passed through Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, being prevented from visiting France by the declaration of war, and landed at Harwich in September 1756.

In the course of so complete a tour, a great part of which led through classic ground, he communicated to his friends at home many curious observations on the countries through which he

rave lled. A few of his letters from Rome and elsewhere, are in the possession of Mr. Mason and Mr. Wright, rector of Birchin in Yorkshire, with whom he spent several of his college vacations, and to whom he addressed many of his smaller poems; and the executors of the late Dr. Goddard, master of Clare-Hall, and the Rev. Mr. Sanderson of Haslemere, have many more.

That his muse, now in her fullest vigour, frequently exerted herself, his striking Ode to the Tiber, and his six Elegies addressed to his two noble pupils, with him, and his more particular friends at home, Mr. Wright, Mr. Sanderson, &c. sufficiently testify. The sublime scenes through which he passed, and the grand historical events which they recalled to his memory, generally furnished the subject; and as they were executed on the spot, they are more replete with picturesque imagery, than any other of his compositions. They were published in February 1757, under the title of Elegies, with an Ode to the Tiber, 4to. and received with approbation proportioned to their merit.

During his absence, he had received the badges of Secretary and Register of the order of the Bath, procured for him by the interest of Lady Jersey, through the mediation of her relation, the Duchess of Newcastle; and in 1757, his finances were farther improved by the appointment of Poet Laureat, on the death of Cibber, upon the nomination of the Duke of Devonshire, as Lord Chamberlain. He has himself said on this appointment, in his Charge to the Poets, that,

Unask'd it came, and from a friend unknown.

Mr. Mason, in his 'Memoirs of Gray,' has acquainted the public, that the place was before offered to Gray, by his mediation, with permission to hold it as a mere sinecure. This was not the case when it was given to Whitehead, and 'I have often,' says Mr. Mason, 'considered why, as the late king would readily have dispensed with hearing music, for which he had no ear, and poetry, for which he had no taste."

When Whitehead had accepted the laurel without such permission, Mr. Mason advised him to employ a deputy to write his annual odes, and reserve his own pen for certain great occasions that might occur, such as a peace or a marriage, and then to address his royal master with some studied ode or epistle, as Boileau and Racine had done in France, for their pensions.

This advice was not attended to by his friend. He set himself to his periodical task, with the zeal of a person who wished to retrieve the honours of that laurel, which came to him from the head of Cibber in a very shrivelled, or rather blasted state.

His first Ode for his Majesty's Birth-Day, November 10. 1758, was calculated from the heroic genealogy that it contained, to be peculiarly agreeable to the monarch for whose birthday it was written; and its poetical merit had the very just approbation of Gray, and other good judges.

The laurel was said by the ancients to have the power of screening those under its shade from thunder; yet it cannot defent modern laureats from the artillery of their contemporaries. After Whitehead had accepted of this office, he received much illiberal treatment during the rest of his life, from the little fry of his own profession, who were fond of having a lick at the laureat. What he thought of these 'poets, who were mean enough to envy even a poet laureat,' may be learned from his Pathetic Apology for all Laurets, past, present and to come, which he wrote some years before his death, for the amusement of a few friends. By the motto Veniant ad Cæsaris aures, he seems to have wished it might reach the royal ear.

On his return to England, Lord Jersey pressed him strongly to continue in his family; an invitation which Whitehead readily accepted. Lord Harcourt gave him also a general invitation to his table in town, and to his seat in the country; and his pupils, who had now entirely sunk the idea of their governor in the more agreeable one of their friend, showed him constantly such sincere marks of affection, as greatly increased the felicity of his situation.

He resided in this family fourteen years, during which he found opportunities of leisure to do more in the literary way than merely write official odes.

In 1762, he made his first attempt in comedy, and brought upon the stage at Drury-Lane The School for Lovers, a comedy, which had its competent run, as to nights of representation, and received a just tribute of applause from the judicious few. It is formed on a plan of Fontenelle's, never intended for the stage, and printed in the eighth volume of his works, under the title of the La Testament, and inscribed To his Memory, by a Lover of Simplicity. The idea which Fontenelle had conceived of enlarging the provinces of the drama, is explained and controverted with much accuracy of criticism, by Dr. Hurd, in the second dissertation, annexed to his 'Commentaries on Horace.' What species of drama the School for Lovers ought to be placed in, is somewhat difficult to determine, since, though it is styled a comedy, the risible faculties have much less opportunity of exertion than the tender feelings of the heart; and the catastrophe, though happy in the main, and suitable to poetical justice, is not so completely as, since two amiable characters, Belmour and Araminta, are left, the one entirely unprovided for, and the other in a situation far from agreeable. What he, however, seems to have principally aimed at, delicacy, sentiment, and the consequence of instruction in the conduct of a generous and well-placed passion, he has undoubtedly most eminently succeeded in. His Celia, and Sir John Dorilant, especially the letter, are characters most perfectly amiable and worthy of imitation. The ease and purity of the dialogue, the incidents which arise so naturally, one from the other, the delicate markings of the different characters, and the artful arrangement of the scenes contribute to gave this play a high station in the list of our genteel comedies; at the same time that its want of smart repartee and broad humour, will ever prevent it from being much relished by a mixed audience. This want he possessed a peculiar talent of supplying, had he thought the simplicity of his play would not have been injured by it. He was afraid to mingle with comedy, what he thought belonged to the lower species of the drama, farce; and chose rather to tread in the steps of Terence than of Moliere. They who put this play on a footing with the Dramas of France, and the sentimental comedies in England which have succeeded it, will do Whitehead much injustice.

The same year, 1762, he published his Charge to the poets, 4to, in which, as laureat, he ludicrously assumes the dignified mode of a bishop, giving his visitorial instructions to his clergy. The idea was new, pregnant with grave humour, and executed so successfully, that even the egotisms necessary to the subject, are among the most pleasing parts of the poem. Replete with good sense and good taste, it is still more to be admired for the amiable picture which it gives of his own mind, and his readiness to be pleased by poets of very different abilities, provided those abilities were employed on subjects that suited them; and for exposing that fastidious mode of criticism which admits no poems to have any merit, expect that which accords with some particular preconceived idea of excellence which it has set up as its exclusive criterion.

Notwithstanding this liberal turn of the Charge, its publication brought upon him the vindictive resentment of Churchill, who had just about the time attracted the public notice, by his satire, intituled The Rosciad. He attacked the laureat almost in every one of those hasty productions with which he entertained the town, with an unjustifiable severity.

To have retaliated, was as abhorrent to his natural temper, as contradictory to that precept of "keeping the peace," which in his Charge, he had called "his first and last advice.' Among his unfinished fragments, however, there are some Verses, in which he mentions his poetical enemy. They certainly had not his last corrections; but they come from a good heart, willing to commend whatever was commendable in Churchill's talents for strong expression and forcible imagery; at the same time, they justly reprobate his misuse of those talents.

Such at the time was the popularity of Churchill, that his abuse of Whitehead tended to lower his poetical merit so much with the town, that Garrick would not venture to bring on a new tragedy of his, which a little time after he offered to his stage. The public, therefore' for several years, saw nothing more that came from his pen, but those half-yearly odes which his office required him to write.

On the death of the late Earl of Jersey, in August 1769, he obtained an unwilling permission from his pupil, the present Earl of Jersey, to remove to private lodgings; but he still considered himself as a daily-invited guest to his table in town; and, during the rest of his life, he divided his Summers between Middleton and Nuneham.

In 1770, he made a present of his farce, called The Trip to Scotland, to Garrick, on condition of his producing it without his name. This was done; and it appeared on the Drury-Lane stage with the greatest advantage of good acting, and met with deserved applause. It shows that Whitehead had powers to write equally well in the manner of Moliere, as of Terence. The characters are not more overcharged in order to excite ridicule, than they are found to be in the best modern comedies, both in French and English; for surely his old Griskin is not so much filled with farcical humour as the 'Foresight' and 'Fondlewife' of Congreve. Indeed, had he extended his plan to five acts, and exiled his Cupid, as too mythological a personage, it would have been deemed a good comedy. As it stands, it is perhaps the only thing of the kind that can be put in competition with the charming petite pieces of Marivaux.

In 1774, he collected and published all his works, under the title of Plays and Poems, in two volumes, giving the Charge to the Poets, in the concluding pages. But though possibly, after he had arranged these two volumes he might think he had bid adieu to poetical compositions, so far as his office of laureat might permit; yet he had obtained, by long practice, so great a facility of versification, and had always taken so much pleasure in it, that he could not help occasionally throwing out his thoughts upon paper, and clothing them in appropriate verse.

In 1776, he published, without a name, his very pleasing little poem, intitled Variety, a Tale for Marrried People, 4to. which was so well received, that it speedily ran through five editions.

In 1777, he published The Goat's Beard, a Fable, 4to. which, though a more studied composition, and a most delicate satire on the times, did not so generally please, though it had also a very considerable sale. It is founded on the 14th fable of the 4th book of Phædrus. From this

fable, the English Phædrus (or rather Fontaine, for the fable is more in his manner), has given the sexes many ingenious documents. After an oblique reflection on the Bucolics of Virgil, intimating that the poet has assigned to Mantua, the scenery of Naples, he represents a coterie of the goats addressing Jupiter, to render them equal to the males, by honouring their chins with a beard. Jupiter in a frolic mood grants their petition, which occasions a remonstrance from the coterie of males, and obliges the god to convene the states, in order to determine the claims of both sexes. The majority of his precepts are less applicable to the males than to the females. His strictures on the modish department of the sexes, are a just, though severe comment on real life.

.....the present page
The refuge of an iron age, &c.

This lively fable occasioned an ill-natured and satirical attack on the laureat, in a fable, intitled 'The Asses' Ears, addressed to the Author of The Goat's Beard,' 4to. 1777, which is not, however, void of pleasantry.

[*To be Continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[*Continued from No.* 24.]

Salenches, November 3, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

Notwithstanding the exercise I had taken these two days past, I determined to come as far as this place on foot, which is about six leagues from Chamouny. I passed the foot of Mont Blanc just as the rising sun lighted up its white summit. I still retained Paccard as a guide, who soon conducted me out of the valley, by a very rough and steep road, which was, however, compensated by the variety of grand scenery which, at every turn, burst upon my view. We entered another valley, whose green fields and meadows presented a lively contrast to the high jagged mountains, which shut it in, and through which flowed the Arne, after we had crossed it several times by Alpine bridges, in its tortuous course among the rocks. Three leagues brought us to the little town of Servoz, near which is a copper and some lead mines, not worked at present. Just before we entered the town, I observed a rude pyramid of stones on the road side, and, on inquiry, found it was the grave of a young German, who was travelling a few months before in Swisserland with his friend, and who was unfortunate enough to fall into one of the clefts of the glacier of the Buet, in the neighbourhood of Servoz, being deceived by its being covered with snow, in the manner I have described. You may easily conceive the feelings of his friend, when he saw him disappear before him. He returned to Servoz, and sent guides to search for the body, which, after a great deal of difficulty, they recovered; but it appeared evident, from the position in which it was found, that the rapidity of the descent, and the compression produced thereby in the chasm, must have instantly killed him. The prefect of the department had it buried at this place, and means to erect a monument on the spot, with an inscription to warn travellers how they traverse the glaciers, without being accompanied by experienced guides.

The melancholy catastrophe of this young traveller, rendered me extremely thoughtful all the rest of my walk, and I could not help giving way to my imagination, and, supposing his fate to have been my own, pictured to myself the distress and sorrow of my friends in America, on learning this fatal termination of *my* travels. But, lest I should render you also serious, I will quit this gloomy subject.

I took some little refreshment at Servoz, and again set forward on my journey. I crossed a rapid stream, by means of a few stepping stones, which, when swelled by rains or the melting of the snows, would be impassable, as from the immense field of stones and sand on its banks it must be from forty to sixty feet deep.

I turned out of the road to see a very charming cascade, which fell in three falls from the summit of a rocky cliff. When seen from the bottom, it has the appearance of but one sheet.

Our road to Salenches lay along the Arne, which separated that town from the inn, where I passed the night, and is crossed at this place by a very noble stone bridge. From my windows I can see the Giant of the Alps, the majestic Mont Blanc; but, since I left him this morning, his summit has been covered with dark clouds, which, my guide says, forebodes bad weather. I am, therefore, lucky in having had, at this late season, such a favourable sky, as without it, I should never have seen the wonders of Chamouny.

[*To be Continued.*]

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Cervantes was born at Alcala on the 9th Oct. 1547, at Madrid, and died the 3d April 1616, the same nominal day as his illustrious contemporary Shakspeare.

In his Don Quixotte, there is such a variety of matter, and so many beautiful passages and allusions that it is impossible to travel in Spain, without their frequent recurring to the mind. This book, says Dillon, is one of those capital pieces only understood by those who can read them in the original.

—

TO JULIA.

Wake me no more with love's beguiling dream,
A dream I find illusory as sweet:
One smile of friendship, nay of cold esteem,
Is dearer far than passion's bland deceit!

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine I once believ'd,
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air?
And must I say my hopes were all deceiv'd?

Now then, no longer that our souls are twin'd,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal;
Julia! 'tis pity, pity, makes you kind,
You know I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms,
On bliss, in which affection takes no part,
No, no! farewel! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart.

—

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, Oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam
'Twill steal away thy mind;
But, like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,
These flowers were cull'd at noon;
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon.
For, though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once, when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more.

—

Sweet seducer! blandly smiling,
Charming still, and still beguiling;
Oft I swore to love thee never,
Yet I love thee more than ever.
Why that little wanton blushing,
Glancing eye, and bosom flushing?
Flushing warm, and wily glancing,
All is lovely, all entrancing.

Turn away those lips of blisses—
I am poison'd by thy kisses!
Yet again, ah! turn them to me:
Ruin's sweet, when they undo me.

Oh! be less, be less enchanting,
Let some little grace be wanting,
Let my eyes, when I'm expiring,
Gaze awhile without admiring.

—

TO Mrs.——

If in the dream that hovers
Around my sleeping mind,
Fancy thy form discovers,
And paints thee melting kind.

If joys from sleep I borrow,
Sure thou'lt forgive me this;
For he, who wakes to sorrow,
At least may DREAM of bliss.

Oh! if thou art, in seeming,
All that I've e'er requir'd;
Oh! if I feel in dreaming,
All that I've e'er desir'd!

Wilt thou forgive my taking
A kiss, or—something more?
What thou deny'st me waking,
Oh! let me slumber o'er!

—

TO ROSA.

A far conserva, e cumulo d'amanti.
PASTOR FIDO.

And are you then a thing of art,
Seducing all and loving none?
And have I strove to gain a heart,
Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

And do you, like the dotard's fire,
Which, powerless of enjoying any,
Feeds its abortive sick desire,
By trifling impotent with many.

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
And through a round of danglers run,
Because your hearts' insipid slumber
Could never wake to *feel* for *one*?

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I shall calm my jealous breast;
Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,
Oh! if another share that heart,
Tell not the damning tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you black as hell,
Than find you to be all divine,
And know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would *not* be mine.

—

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie.
How sweet is death, to those who weep
To those, who weep and long to die.

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flowrets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest.

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
Nor but the dews by twilight given:
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of Heaven.
[Moore.

—

SONNET.

To a querulous acquaintance.

Thou! whom Prosperity has always led
O'er level paths, with moss and flowrets strewn;
For whom she still prepares a downy bed
With roses scatter'd, and to thorns unknow;

Wilt thou yet murmur at a misplac'd leaf?
Think, 'ere thy irritable nerves repine,
How many, born with feelings keen as thine,
Taste all the sad vicissitudes of grief ...
How many steep in tears their scanty bread;
Or, lost to reason, sorrow's victims, rave:
How many know not where to lay their head,
While some are driven by anguish to the grave.
Think; nor impatient at a feather's weight
Mar the uncommon blessings of thy fate!

—

THE KISS.

Illa, nisi in lecto, nusquam potuêre doceri.
OVID LIB. II. ELEG. 5.

Give me, my love, that billing kiss,
I taught you one delicious night
When, turning epicures in bliss,
We tried inventions of delight.

"Come gently steal my lips along,
And let your lips in murmurs move,
Ah! no—again—that kiss was wrong
How can you be so dull, my love.

"Cease, cease" the blushing girl replied
And in her milky arms she caught me
"How can you thus your pupil chide?
You know '*twas in the dark* you taught me."
[Moore.

—

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH.

HERE *cool* the *ashes* of MULCIBER GRIM,
Late of this Parish....*Blacksmith;*
He was born in *Seacole-lane*, and bred at *Hammersmith*...
From his youth upwards he was much adicted to *Vices*,
and was often guilty of *Forgery*...
Having some talents for *Irony*.
He therefore produced many *heats* in his neighbourhood
which he usually increased by *blowing up the Coals*....
This rendered him so unpopular,
that when he found it necessary to adopt *cooling* measures, his conduct was generally
accompanied with a *hiss*....
Though he sometimes proved a *warm* friend,
yet where his interest was concerned,
He made it a constant rule to *strike while the iron was hot*,
Regardless of the injury he might do thereby:
And when he had
any thing of moment upon the *Anvil*,
He seldom failed to *turn* it to his own advantage.
Among numberless instances that might be given of the cruelty of his disposition, it need only be mentioned,
that he was the means
of *hanging* many of the innocent family of the *Bells*,
under the idle pretence of keeping them from *Jangling*....and put great numbers of the *Hearts of Steel*,
into the *hottest Flames*,
merely (as he declared,) to *soften* the obduracy
of their *Tempers*.
At length, after passing a long life, in the commission of these *black actions*,
His *fire* being exhausted,
and his *Bellows* worn out,
he *filed* off to that place, where only the *fervid ordeal* of his own *Forge* can be exceeded;
declaring, with his last *puff*....
That..." Man is born to trouble, as the *Sparks* fly upwards."

—

EPILOGUE

To a new British Comedy called "The Will for the Deed."—By Dibdin, jun.

Tho' we're not at a tavern, permit me to say,
We have dishes of all sorts for you every day;
Our table these boards, where old customs we scorn,
For we seldom begin till the cloth is withdrawn.
[*Points to the curtain.*]
When our dinner-*bell* rings....to attract each new guest,
Ev'ry *part* of our farce is most curiously *drest*,
Of which *I* am a sample, and that is more odd,
I've been oft *served up* here, a downright *Ollapod*.
We've *fricasseed* farces to banish the vapours,
We've Opera *omlets*, and Comedy *capers*,
Then for Tragedy *treats*....at our house you may look,
For the *first* in the *world*....and a very good *Cook*.*
Our dancers find *hops*, and the *malt* we produce,
For John Bull is *brown stout*, while our beaux are all *spruce*,
Then we've true *British spirits*, up yonder who come
For our Pantomime *Punch*, and our Harlequin *mum*.

* *An actor of this name.*

We have cordials for care, we have *Melo Drams* too,
And we often are cheer'd with a *bumper* from *you;*
Then for *wine* if you ask, 'tis a truth I'll maintain,
That our *best acted sorrows* are only *Sham Pain.*

—

The following translation of one of the most airy odes from Horace is from the pen of Mrs. Brooke, the accomplished author of 'Rosina.' In her last opera, intitled 'Mariana,' she puts into the mouth of Sir Philip, as a song to a sheperdess, the 'Vitas hinnuelo me similis,' of Horace. We do not remember to have perused a more faithful or spirited version.

Patty flees me like a fawn,
Which, thro' some sequester'd lawn,
Panting seeks the mother deer,
Not without a panic fear
Of the gently breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees—
O'er the cool sequester'd lawn,
Patty flies me like a fawn.

If the the curling leaves but shake,
If a Lizard stir the brake,
Frighted, it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees;
Thus alarm'd with causeless fear,
Fancy paints a lover near;
Whilst along the dewy lawn
Patty flees me like a fawn.

—

THE JACOBIN.

I am a hearty Jacobin,
Who own no God, and dread no sin,
Ready to dash through thick and thin
For freedom:

And when the teachers of Chalk Farm
Gave ministers so much alarm,
And preach'd that Kings did only harm,
I fee'd 'em.

By Bedford's cut I've trim'd my locks,
And coal-black is my knowledge box,
Callous to all, except hard knocks
Of thumpers;

My eye a noble fierceness boasts,
My voice as hollow as a ghost's,
My throat oft wash'd by factious toasts
In bumpers.

Whatever is, in France, is right;
Terror and blood are my delight;
Parties with us do not excite
Enough rage.

Our boasted laws I hate and curse,
Bad from the first, by age grown worse,
I pant and sigh for univers-*
al suffrage.

Priestly I love, adore Horne Tooke,
With pride on Jones and Thelwall look,
And hope that they, by hook or crook,
Will prosper.

But they deserve the worst of ills,
And all the abuse of all our quills,
Who form'd of strong and GAGGING BILLS
A cross pair.

Extinct since then each speaker's fire,
And silent every daring lyre,†
Dum-founded they, whom I would hire
To lecture.

Tied up, alas! is every tongue
On which conviction nightly hung,‡
And Thelwall looks, though yet but young,
A spectre.

* This division of the word is in the true spirit of the English, as well as the ancient Sapphic. See the counter-scuffle, counter-rat, and other poems in this style.

† There is a doubt whether this word should not have been written LIAR.

‡ These words, of *conviction* and *hanging*, have so ominous a sound, it is rather odd they were chosen.

The following parody is social and sentimental.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JOE.

REVISED FROM BURNS.

John Anderson my Joe, John, when nature first began,
To try her canny hand, John, her master work was man;
And you aboon them a' John, sae trig frae tap to toe,
You prov'd to be na journey-wark, John Anderson my Joe.
And you aboon them a' John sae trig frae tap to toe,
You prov'd to be na journey-wark, John Anderson my Joe.
John Anderson my Joe, John, when first we were acquent,
Your locks were like the sloe John, your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald John, your locks are like the snow;
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson my Joe.
But now your brow, &c.
John Anderson my Joe, John, what pleasure 'tis to see
The young, the lovely brood, John, bred up 'twixt you and me;
And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go,
Just makes a heaven here on earth, John Anderson my Joe.
And ilka lad and lass, &c.
John Anderson my Joe, John, fates up and down we've kent,
Yet aye, whate'er our lot, John we with it were content;
And that's the best of gowd, John, it frae us ne'er can go,
Though gear be scant, love, we'll ne'er want, John Anderson my Joe.
And that's the best of gou'd, &c.
John Anderson my Joe, John, life's hill we clam the gither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi an anither;
But now we're tott'ring down, John, hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep the gether at the fit, John Anderson my Joe.
But now we're tott'ring down, &c.
John Anderson my Joe, John, when we again awake.
Our bairns we'll collect John, and then our journey take;
For hearts devoid of guile, John, find friends where'er they go
And seraphs bright shall guide us right, John Anderson my Joe
For hearts devoid of guile, &c.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Miss in her teens' appears to be too knowing, for a girl of her years. She may *seem* to have just escaped from the boarding school of infancy, but we know she has taken many degrees in the *school of experience.*

'Crito' does not reason, but rail.

If we were to insert the '*Complaint*,' by W. we are afraid many of our readers would *complain* also. The vulgar style of wailing is derided by all men of sense, and is admired by none but the witless followers of *your* Calvinistic whiner.

Our attention has been strongly attracted by the topic which 'Vindex' has indicated, and although the discussion may be *unpopular*, yet that circumstance, far from apalling the Editor, is only a sharper incitement to his industry and zeal. He is satisfied with the consciousness of rectitude, and with the commendation of *the few;* and, in his *right onward* race, never stops to inquire whether the *rascal rabble* approve, or disapprove, his speed.

'Climenole' is very impatiently expected. From the mind of so ingenious a writer we hope that every cloud of depression has long since been dispelled.

In 'Pictor' there are some remarks, ingenious and pertinent, but its prolixity precludes its insertion. That *concinnitas*, which Cicero praises, is a most desirable quality in fugitive essays.

A compliance with the request of 'A constant reader' would militate essentially against our plan. It is very seldom in our power, and is opposed to our inclination, to insert, in the Port Folio, articles which interest only a narrow *platoon* in society.

'A star gazer' has certainly looked with purblind eye at the *celestial bodies*. He has never enjoyed even a glimpse of *Virgo;* and neither oriental nor occidental *Venus* has ever darted a propitious ray upon so *cold* an astrologer.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Written in a common place book, called the "Book of Follies," to which every one that opened it should contribute something.

This tribute's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee emblem of himself!
The book of life, which I have trac'd,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.
Some have, indeed, been writ so neat
In characters so fair, so sweet,
That those, who judg'd not too severely,
Have said they lov'd such follies dearly!
Yet still, O! book the allusion stands,
For these were penn'd by *female* hands;
The rest, alas! I own the truth,
Have all been scribbled so uncouth,
That prudence, with a withering look,
Disdainful flings again the book!
Like thine, its pages, here and there,
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shone,
White at the snowings of that heaven,
By which those powers of peace were given,
But now no longer—such, O such
The blast of disappointment's touch.
No longer now those hours appear,
Each leaf is sullied by a tear!
Blank, blank is every page with care,
Not even a folly brightens there!
Will they yet brighten?—never—never;
Then *shut the book*, O God! forever.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG,

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recal the hour
When thou alone wert fair.

Then talk no more of future gloom,
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Memory gild the past.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee;
Thou never can'st decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear drop chase,
Which on my cheek they find,
So Hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind.

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Memory gild the past.

But mark, at thought of future years,
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet.

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom,
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope will brighten days to come,
And Memory gild the past.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO A LADY, ON HER SINGING.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
When listening to the spheres above.

When tir'd of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
O! Emma, I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death.

And if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heavenly softness play,
Which, ah! forgive a heart that's weak,
So oft has stol'n my mind away.

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss;
I'll gaze and die—who would not die
If death were half so sweet as this!

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Dear! in pity do not speak,
In your eyes I read it all,
In the flushing of your cheek,
In those tears that fall:
Yes, yes, my soul, I see
You love, you live for only me!

Beam, yet beam that killing eye,
Bid me expire in luscious pain;
But kiss me, kiss me, while I die,
And, O! I live again!
Still, my love, with looking kill,
And, O! revive with kisses still!

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RONDEAU.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Good night! good night! and is it so,
And must I from my Rosa go?
O! Rosa, say 'good night' once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying still 'good night!'

And still 'good night!' my Rosa say—
But whisper still 'a minute stay,'
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of rapture in it.
We'll kiss and kiss in quick delight,
And murmur while we kiss 'good night!'

'Good night!' you'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will vow to kiss no more,
Yet kiss you closer than before,
Till slumber seal our weary sight,
And then, my love, my soul, 'good night!'

—

SONG.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

When the heart's feeling
Burns with concealing,
Glances will tell what we fear to confess:
O! what an anguish
Silent to languish,
Could we not *look* all we wish to express!
When half expiring,
Restless, desiring,
Lovers wish something, but must not say what,
Looks tell the wanting,
Looks tell the granting,
Looks betray all that the heart would be at.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

If the humble merit of the following trifle will intitle it to that attention, I should be gratified by its insertion in the Port Folio. I.

THE MERRY GONDOLIER.*

Wafted by the breeze to shore,
Do you those gay carols hear?
Singing to his dashing oar,
'Tis the merry Gondolier.

As he skims the bay along,
'Neath the moon-beams shining clear,
Gaily thus his evening song
Chaunts the merry Gondolier.

Haste, my Rosa, on the shore,
Now prepare my wonted cheer,
Haste, and, at our cottage door,
Meet your merry Gondolier.

Long the sun has left the sky,
Homeward now I gaily steer;
Bound my heart! for Rosa's nigh
To her merry Gondolier.

What to me are daily toils?
Evening bids them disappear,
When my Rosa sweetly smiles
On her merry Gondolier.

Tho' the hot sun pours his ray,
Tho' the winds should various veer,
Ever gladsome, ever gay,
Is the merry Gondolier.

Balmy breezes, as ye pass,
Whisp'ring tell to Rosa's ear,
Jocund o'er the stream of glass
Comes her merry Gondolier.

See, I almost gain the shore—
Soon my Rosa will appear
When she hears the dashing oar
Of her merry Gondolier.

Now my toil is fairly o'er,
Rosa haste, prepare my cheer;
Haste! and, at our cottage door,
Meet your merry Gondolier.

Isidore.

* *Gondolier*—An Italian waterman.

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